

THE COCK-PIT COMBAT: OR, THE BAITING OF THE TIGER,

On Thursday March 9. 1698.

AN Overgrown Cat, of a very large size,
To the wonder of Fools, be it known to the Wise,
Some Twelve-months ago was brought o'er from the East;
Being grown from a Kitten to a wonderful Beast;
From his Strength, and his Whiskers, his Tallon, and Vigour,
Our Bear-Garden Judges do say he's a Tiger;
Being fam'd for his Fienceness, his Name, and his Nature,
The Town was all Mad for a sight of the Creature:
Who was Collar'd and Fetter'd his Courage to cool,
Then all were admitted at Three pence per Fool.
When each to his Beastliness had been a Bubble,
From Cobler and Crack, to the Knight and the Noble,
By stanch Politicians, the matter was stated,
For a Cunning By-End, that the Beast should be Baited.
The Cock-pit was taken, and Galleries built;
To Accommodate Lady, Lord, Bully, and Jilt;
Where Places were fitted from Guinea to Crown,
For the Worshipful Squire, to the Man of the Town;
The day was appointed, and all things agreed,
Three Dogs were procur'd, of the Slabber-chap'd-breed;
When the hour drew on, and each Longing Spectator,
Had taken their Seat in the Cocks-combs Theatre,
The Tiger was led down in Chains quickly a'ter,
As Tame to the Pit, as a Sheep to the Slaughter;
In Irons confin'd, and abundance of Tackle,
He rattled about, like a Thief in his Shackle.
Yet holding his Fetters in Noble Dildain,
He hopp'd to and fro, like a Flea in a Chain.

When the *Ladies* all saw that the *Beast* was *Scared*,
And the *Beaus* found no danger of being *Devoured*,
Each Dog was led in by the *Looby* his Master,
Who trembled for fear of his *Boobies* disaster.
The *Tyger* half frightened, look'd pittiful pale-on't,
And view'd with much *Terrour* each *Yelping* Assailant,
He Piss'd and he Grown'd, and he Grown'd and he Piss'd,
The *Fools* were all Frighted, the *Wiser* sort Hiss'd.
Then a *Let-go* was made, by the *Lord* of the *Rout*,
Who encourag'd his *Dog* with a *Hockly-hole* Shout.

The *Tyger* not us'd to their *Bear-Garden* play,
Was amaz'd when he found he was got in a *Fray*,
And exerting his *Strength*, being terribly frightened,
He Kill'd the poor *Cur*, as I hope to be *Knighted*;
Who has taken his farewel of *Bear* and of *Bull*,
As he liv'd like a *Puppy*, he dy'd like a *Fool*.

With the *Rabbles* *Huzza* then they *Let go* another,
To revenge the lost *Blood* of his *Boobily* Brother,
Who gave the poor *Tyger* a *Bear-Garden* Twirl,
And flung him on's *Back*, as a *Man* wou'd a *Girl*.
His sturdy *Attendance*, who watchfully waited,
Being angry to see his young *Master* so *Baited*,
He ups with his *Pole*, that the *Blow* might be fatal,
And knocks down the *Dog* in the midst of the *Battel*.
The *Owner* cry'd, *Z—ds*, what d'ye mean, *Sir*, by that,
To discourage my *Dog* with a knock on the *Pate*,
For the *Blow* you have gi'n him, I'll give you another,
I'll stand by my *Dog*, as I wou'd by my *Brother*?
So to it they fell, with like *Courage* and *Vigour*,
And shew'd better *Sport*, than the *Dog* and the *Tyger*.

At the end of the squabble, the third was let go,
Who ran like a fury to *Battel* his *Foe*:
Made no more of the *Tyger* (as *People* do brag-on)
Than a sturdy *Knight-Errant*, would do of a *Dragon*.
When they'd tumbled and bustled a little about,
Like *Puppys* at *Play*, for the *Sport* of the *Rout*,
They parted the *Enemies*, ended the *Fray*,
And the *Crowd* all affronted came grumbling away.
It is said by the *Old India Company* too,
'Twas the meereft *Sham-Battel* that ever they knew.
Of this there's a great deal of stuff might be said,
But I learn'd when a *Boy*, what I'll keep till I'm *Dead*,
A close *Mouth* in many things makes a wise *Head*.